

Whether the fogs produce the serious people or whether the serious people produce the fogs, I don't know, but the whole thing rather gets on my nerves, and so I'm leaving this afternoon by the Club Train.

*Lady Windermere.* This afternoon? But I wanted so much to come and see you.

*Mrs. Erlynne.* How kind of you! But I am afraid I have to go.

*Lady Windermere.* Shall I never see you again, Mrs. Erlynne?

*Mrs. Erlynne.* I am afraid not. Our lives lie too far apart.

But there is a little tiling I would like you to do for me.

I want a photograph of you, Lady Windermere—would you give me one? You don't know how gratified I should be.

*Lady Windermere.* Oh, with pleasure.

There is one on that table. I'll show it to you. [*Goes across to the table.*]

*Lord Windermere.* {*Coming up to Mrs. Erlynne and speaking in a low voice.*} It is monstrous your intruding yourself here after your conduct last night.

*Mrs. Erlynne.* [*With an amused smile.*] My dear Windermere, manners before morals!

*Lady Windermere.* [*Returning.*] I'm afraid it is very flattering

—I am not so pretty as that. [*Showing photograph.*]

*Mrs. Erlynne.* You are much prettier. But haven't you got

one of yourself with your little boy?

*Lady Windermere.* I have. Would you prefer one of those?

*Mrs. Erlynne.* Yes.

*Lady Windermere.* I'll go and get it for you, if you'll excuse me

for a moment. I have one upstairs.

*Mrs. Erlynne.* So sorry, Lady Windermere, to give you so much trouble.

*Lady Windermere.* [*Moves to door R.*] No trouble at all, Mrs.

Erlynne.

*Mrs. Erlynne.* Thanks so much. [*Exit Lady Windermere R.*]

You seem rather out of temper this morning, Windermere.

Why should you be? Margaret and I get on charmingly together.

*Lord Windermere.* I can't bear to see you with her. Besides,

you have not told me the truth, Mrs. Erlynne.

*Mrs. Erlynne.* I have not told *her* the truth, you mean.

*Lord Windermere.* [*Standing C.*] I sometimes wish you had.

I should have been spared then the misery, the anxiety, the annoyance of the last six months. But rather

than my wife should know—that the mother whom she was taught to consider as dead, the mother whom she has mourned as dead,